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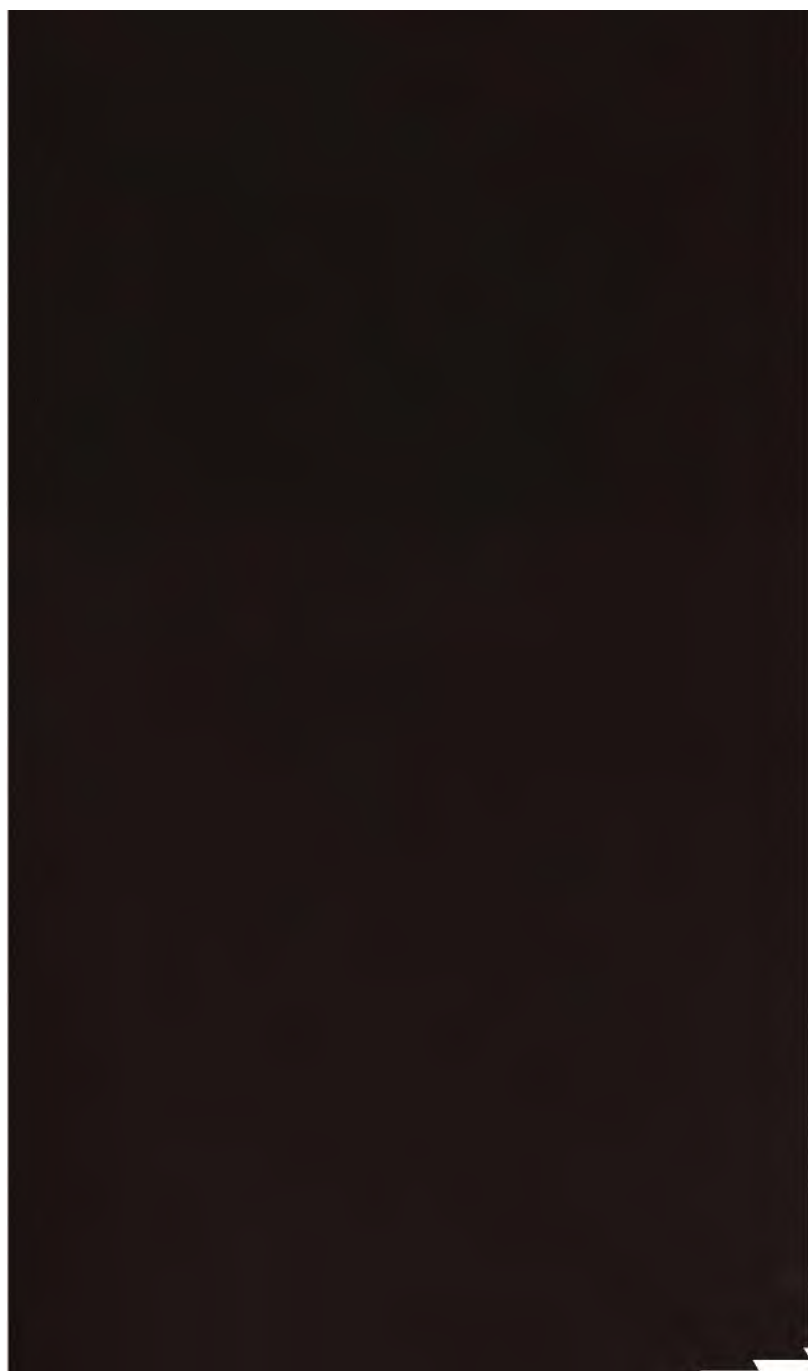
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ECHOES
FROM
OLD CORNWALL









Echoes from Old Cornwall.

E C H O E S

FROM

O L D C O R N W A L L.

BY THE
Rev. R. S. Hawker
REVEREND R. S. HAWKER, M.A.,
Vicar of ~~St~~ Morwenstow.

LONDON:
JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET.

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The Cornish Fathers.

THEY HAD THEIR LODGES IN THE WILDERNESS,
OR BUILT THEM CELLS BESIDE THE SHADOWY SEA,
AND THERE THEY DWELT WITH ANGELS, LIKE A DREAM!
SO THEY UNCLOSED THE VOLUME OF THE BOOK,
AND FILLED THE FIELDS OF THE EVANGELIST
WITH THOUGHTS AS SWEET AS FLOWERS!

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Echoes from Old Cornwall.

GENOVEVA.

PART THE FIRST.

Morning.

I.

Now hearken, lords and ladies gay,
And ye shall understand,
The wonders of a legend-lay
From the old German land !
She, of my song, in Eden's bowers
A sainted lady lies,
And wears a chaplet of the flowers
That grow in Paradise !

B

II.

Her father gloried in her birth,
That daughter of his fame,
The sweetest sound he knew on earth,
Was Genoveva's name !
She dwelt, a fair and holy child,
Beside her mother's knee,
She grew, a maiden meek and mild,
And pure as pure could be !

III.

And so it was, that when the maid,
Fulfilled her childhood's vow,
Saint Hildorf's lifted hands were laid,
Upon no lovelier brow !
And said they, as along the aisle,
The knights and ladies pour'd,
How will she gladden with her smile
The castle of her lord !

IV.

Right soon a stately champion came,
For that bright damsel's hand,
The sound of County Siegfried's fame,
Was sung in many a land !
He came, he knelt, he woo'd, he won,
As warriors win the bride,
Duke Pfalz hath hail'd him as his son,
At Genoveva's side.

V.

Then might you hear the Matin-bell
With echoes low and sweet,
Where at Saint Hildorf's sacred cell,
The youth and maiden meet :
And hark ! they plight the mystic vow,
The troth that time shall try,
When years have worn the beamy brow,
And quench'd the laughing eye !

VI.

Now turn we to the castle-gate,
Wreath'd with the peaceful vine,
Where County Siegfried holds his state
Beside the Rhine ! the Rhine !
They bring white blossoms from the bowers,
The rose leaves hide the ground,
Ah ! gentle dame, beneath the flowers,
The coiling worm is found !

VII.

Yet day by day went bounding on,
Nor would the warrior roam,
The brightness of his lady shone
Throughout Lord Siegfried's home !
She was the garland of his days,
His blessing and his fame,
His happy hearth hath won the praise
Of Genoveva's fame !

VIII.

But hark ! that stern and sudden sound,
Along the castle-wall,
It shook the echo from the ground,
That startling trumpet-call :
To arms ! to horse ! the Moor ! the Moor !
His Pagan banners fly,
The Spaniard and the Frank implore
Thy German chivalry !

IX.

Then might you see at break of day,
The stately Siegfried stand,
Harness'd, and in his old array,
His good sword in his hand.
And Fare thee well ! the soldier said,
My lady bright and dear :
He spake, and bent his haughty head
To hide a warrior's tear !

X.

Farewell ! and thou, my castellan,
My liegeman true and tried,
Shield, till thy lord shall turn again,
My lady and my bride !
And ye, good Saints, with unseen eyes,
Watch her in solemn care :
An Angel well might leave the skies,
At Genoveva's prayer !

GENOVEVA.

PART THE SECOND.

Evening.

I.

AH ! woe is me ! and well-a-day !
 What scenes of sorrow rise !
 And hark ! the music of my lay
 Must breathe the breath of sighs !
 That guardian,—he of trusty fame,
 He seeks a deed abhorr'd,—
 He woos to sorrow and to shame
 The lady of his lord !

II.

But she, fair Genoveva, stands
 A pure and peerless bride,
 Her angel lifts his sheltering hands
 For ever at her side.
 She kneels, she breathes some simple verse
 Taught by her mother's care,
 And the good Saints in Heaven rehearse
 The gentle lady's prayer !

III.

Yet strife and anguish lasted long,
Till he, that fiendish man,—
The anger of his sin was strong,
And thus his fury ran :—
“ Bind ye this foul and wanton dame,
False to my master’s bed ;
Hide in the earth both sin and shame :
Her blood be on her head ! ”

IV.

They took the stern command he gave,
Two vassals fierce and rude,
They bare her for a nameless grave,
Far in a distant wood.
There knelt she down and meekly pray’d,
In language soft and mild,—
“ I bear beneath my breast,” she said,
“ Your lord, Count Siegfried’s child ! ”

V.

“ Then let me tarry but awhile,
Far, far from earthly eye,
That I may see my infant smile,
And lay me down and die !
Nay, spare me, in sweet Mary’s name,
Who stood by JESU’S Cross ;
He from a mother’s bosom came,
That He might die for us ! ”

VI.

They melted at the voice they heard,
They left her lonely there,
The holy Angels helped her word :
There is such force in prayer !
Then wander'd she, where that wild wood
A tangled pathway gave,
Till, lo ! in secret solitude,
A deep and mossy cave !

VII.

A source of quiet waters shone
Along a shadowy glade,
And branches fair to look upon
A dreamy shelter gave.
Her eyes are closed—but not in sleep,
She bends—but not to pray,
Thrill'd with the woes that mothers weep,
The lonely lady lay.

VIII.

She sees—What is it nestling near ?
A soft fair form is nigh ;
She hears—Sweet LORD, what doth she hear ?
A low and infant cry !
It is her son ! her son ! the child,
The first-born of her vow :
See, in his face his father smiled,
He bears Lord Siegfried's brow.

IX.

Good Angels ! 'twas a sight to see
That cavern dark and wild,
The nameless stream, the silent tree,
The mother and her child !
And, hark ! he weeps,—that voice of tears
Proclaims a child of earth ;
O what shall soothe, for holier years,
The sorrow of his birth !

X.

There was no font, no sacred shrine,
No servant of the LORD ;
The waters of the Mystic Sign,
A mother's hand hath poured.
She breathed on him a word of woes,
His life in tears begun,
The name a Hebrew mother chose,
Benoni,—sorrow's son !

XI.

But ah ! what miseries betide
A mother and her pains !
Her child must die, for famine dried
The fountain of her veins.
She saw the anguish of his face,
She heard his bitter cry,
And went forth from that woeful place,
She could not see him die.

XII.

Yet still, again, her feet must turn
Back to that cavern wild ;
Yea ! e'en in death, she fain would yearn
Once more upon her child.
What doth she see ! a fair young doe,
A mother's task hath done,
Bent at his side : her milk must flow
To soothe the lady's son.

XIII.

She wept, she wept, she could no less,
Tears sweet and grateful ran,
The mute thing of the wilderness
Hath softer heart than man.
She came, that wild deer of the herd,
Moved by some strange control,
There was a mystic touch that stirr'd
The yearnings of her soul.

XIV.

And there they dwelt, the gentle three,
In peace, if not in joy,
Until he stood beside her knee,
A fair and thoughtful boy,
The doe, the lady, and the youth,
Seven long and weary years,
Their calm and patient life ; in sooth
It was a sight for tears.

XV.

She fed him with the forest fruits
That summer branches gave,
She gather'd wild and wholesome roots,
To cheer their wintry cave :
They drank from that fair fountain's bed
Whose faithful waters run,
Bright, as when first his name they shed,
Benoni, sorrow's son.

XVI.

And she hath framed with chosen boughs,
A simple Cross of wood,
And taught the lad his childhood's vows
To JESU, mild and good !
He learnt the legend of the Cross,
How Mary's blessed Son
Came down from Heaven to die for us,
And peace and pardon won.

XVII.

He heard that shadowy angels roam
Along the woodland dell,
To lead the blessed to a home
Where Saints and Martyrs dwell.
So when the lady wept and pray'd,
He sooth'd her secret sighs ;
" Sweet mother, let us die," he said,
" And rest in Paradise ! "

XVIII.

“Alas ! my son, my tender son !
What wilt thou do ?” she sigh’d ;
“When I, thy mother, shall be gone,
Thou hast no friend beside !
There is thy SIRE by heavenly birth,
His love is strong and sure ;
But he—thy father of the earth,
He spurns thee from his door ! ”

XIX.

“Nay, tell me, mother dear !” he said,
“I pray thee tell to me,
Are they not, all men, gone and dead
Except thy son and thee ?”
“Ah, no ! there be, my gentle child,
Whole multitudes afar,
Yet is it happier in this wild
Than where their dwellings are.”

XX.

“They cast me out to woe and shame,
Here in this den to hide ;
They blighted Genoveva’s name,
Lord Siegfried’s chosen bride !
But soon the weary will have rest,
I breathe with failing breath :
There is within thy mother’s breast
The bitterness of death.”

XXI.

“Then, mother kind, in thy dark grave
Alone thou shalt not lie ;
Before our Cross here, in this cave,
Together let us die.
Yea, let me look on no man’s face,
Since such stern hearts there be,
But here, in this our lonely place,
Here will I die with thee.”

XXII.

Ah ! noble heart ! thy words are sooth,
I breathe their sound again,
Better to pass away in youth,
Than live with bearded men.
And thou ! the lady of his birth,
Farewell ! a calm farewell :
Thou wert not meant for this vile earth,
But with the Saints to dwell !

GENOVEVA.

PART THE THIRD.

Another Day.

I.

MARK ye, how spear and helmet glare,
 And Red-Cross banners shine ;
 While thrilling trumpets cleave the air,
 Along the Rhine ! the Rhine !
 Count Siegfried from the wars is come,
 And gathering vassals wait,
 To welcome the stern warrior home
 To his own castle-gate.

II.

But where is she, his joy, his pride,
 The garland of his fame ?
 Away, away ! her image hide,
 He cannot brook her name.
 Yet soon the whisper'd words are breathed,
 And faithful lips declare,
 How a vile serpent's folds were wreathed
 Around their lady fair.

III.

They tell his vassal's treacherous crime,
The bow his malice bent,
Till Genoveva, in her prime,
Had perished innocent.
Alas ! what torrent-tears must roll
In fierce and angry shower :
O ! what shall soothe Count Siegfried's soul
In that o'erwhelming hour.

IV.

He hides him in some vaulted room,
Far from the light of day,
He will not look on beauty's bloom,
Nor hear the minstrel's lay.
They try him with the trumpet sound,
On many an echoing morn ;
They tempt him forth with hawk and hound,
And breathe the hunter's horn.

V.

They loose the gazehound from the chain,
They bring both steed and spear,
Lord Siegfried's hand must rule the rein,
And rouse the ruddy deer.
On, through the wild, the war-horse bounds,
Beneath his stately form ;
He charges 'mid those rushing hounds,
With footsteps like the storm.

VI.

“Down, Donner, down ! hold, Hubert, hold !”

What is yon sight of fear ?

A strange wild youth, a maiden bold,

That guard the panting deer.

A fleecy skin was folded round

Her breast, with woman's pride ;

And some dead fawn the youth hath found,

He wears its dappled hide.

VII.

“Who, whence are ye ?” the warrior said,

“That haunt this secret cave ?

Ha ! is it so ? and do the dead

Come from their hollow grave ?”

“I live, I breathe the breath of life,

No evil have I done :

I am thy true, thy chosen wife,

And this is Siegfried's son.”

VIII.

He stood—as severed souls may stand

At first, when forth they fare,

And shadowy forms—a stranger-band

Will greet them in the air !

He bounds—He binds her to his heart,

His own—his rescued bride !

No more, O never more, to part,

Even death shall not divide !

IX.

See now, they move along the wild,
With solemn feet and slow,
The warrior and his graceful child,
The lady and the doe !
They stand before the castle gate,
Rich with the clustering vine,
Again shall Siegfried hold his state,
Beside the Rhine ! the Rhine !

X.

They come—they haste from many a land,
For fast the tidings spread,
And there doth Genoveva stand,
Bright as the arisen dead !
Her mother weeps—by God's dear grace,
Glad tears are in her eye,
Duke Pfalz hath seen his daughter's face,
And now—now let him die !

XI.

Yea ! from his calm and distant cell,
The sainted Hildorf came,
His spirit bowed beneath the spell,
Of Genoveva's name !
He came—he sought that solemn cave,
The lady's patient home—
He measured it with aisle and nave,
He shaped a shadowy dome !

XII.

He knelt in votive solitude,
He fixed both Saint and sign,
And bade them build in that lone wood,
A fair and stately shrine !
There might you read for many an age,
In the rich window's ray,
Traced, as along some pictured page,
The Legend of my Lay !

XIII.

The image of their youth was there—
The bridegroom and the bride,
The porch, where Genoveva fair,
Knelt at her Siegfried's side !
There, through the storied glass, the scene
In molten beauty falls,
When she with mild and matron-mien,
Shone in her husband's halls !

XIV.

There was the cave, the wood, the stream,
In radiance soft and warm,
And evermore, the noon-day beam,
Came through some angel's form !
The youth was shown in that wild dress,
His mother's cross he bore,
Saint John in the old wilderness,
Was not more strangely fair !

XV.

But where they breathe their holiest vows,
And Eastern sunbeams fall,
A simple cross of woodland boughs
Stands by the chancel wall !
It is the lady's lonely sign,
By mournful fingers made,
The self-same symbol decks the shrine,
That soothed the cavern's shade !

XVI.

Behind yon altar rear'd on high,
A lady breathes in stone,
A sculptur'd deer is couching nigh,
An infant weeps alone !
A word is there, but not of woe,
One voice, a prayer to claim ;
Beneath the lady and the doe,
Is Genoveva's name !

XVII.

Thus lived—thus loved she : and she died—
But old and full of days :
Ask ye how time and truth have tried
The legend of her praise ?
She, of my song, in Eden's bowers
A sainted lady lies,
And wears a garland of the flowers,
That grow in Paradise !

A Legend of the Hibe.

I.

BEHOLD those winged images !
 Bound for their evening bowers,
 They are the nation of the Bees,
 Born from the breath of flowers :
 Strange people they ! a mystic race,
 In life and food, and dwelling place !

II.

They first were seen on earth, 'tis said,
 When the rose breathes in spring,
 Men thought her blushing bosom shed
 These children of the wing !
 But lo ! their hosts went down the wind,
 Filled with the thoughts of God's own mind !

III.

They built them houses, made with hands,
 And there, alone, they dwell,
 No man to this day understands
 The mystery of their cell :
 Your mighty sages cannot see
 The deep foundations of the Bee !

IV.

Low in the violet's breast of blue
For treasur'd food, they sink,
They know the flowers that hold the dew
For their small race to drink,
They glide—King Solomon might gaze
With wonder on their awful ways !

V.

And once,—it is a grandame's tale
Yet fill'd with secret lore—
There dwelt within a woodland vale,
Fast by old Cornwall's shore,
An ancient woman, worn and bent,
Fallen nature's mournful monument !

VI.

A home had they,—the clustering race
Beside her garden wall,
All blossoms breathed around the place,
And sun-beams fain would fall,—
The lily loved that Combe the best
Of all the valleys of the West !

VII.

But so it was, that on a day,
When summer built her bowers,
The waxen wanderers ceased to play
Around the cottage flowers !
No hum was heard, no wing would roam,
They dwelt within their cloister'd home !

VIII.

This lasted long—no tongue could tell
Their pastime or their toil !
What binds the soldier to his cell,
Who should divide the spoil ?
It lasted long—it fain would last
Till Autumn rustled on the blast !

IX.

Then sternly went that woman old,
She sought the chancel-floor,
And there, with purpose bad and bold,
Knelt down amid the poor :—
She took—she hid—that Blessed Bread,
Whereon the Invisible is shed !

X.

She bore it to her distant home,
She laid it by the hive,
To lure the wanderers forth to roam,
That so her store might thrive ;—
'Twas a wild wish, a thought unblest,
Some evil legend of the West.

XI.

But lo ! at morning-tide, a sign,
For wondering eyes to trace,
They found, above that bread, a shrine,
Rear'd by the harmless race !
They brought their walls from bud and flower,
They built bright roof and beamy tower !

XII.

Was it a dream ? or did they hear
Float from those golden cells,
A sound, as of some Psaltery near,
Or soft and silvery bells ?
A low, sweet Psalm, that grieved within
In mournful memory of the sin !

XIII.

Was it a dream ? 'tis sweet no less ;
Set not the vision free,
Long let the lingering legend bless
The nation of the Bee.—
So shall they bear upon their wings
A parable of sacred things !

XIV.

So shall they teach, when men blaspheme
Or sacrament or shrine,
That humbler things may fondly dream
Of mysteries Divine :—
And holier hearts than his may beat,
Beneath the bold blasphemer's feet !

The Baptism of the Peasant and the Prince.

JANUARY 25, 1842.

“Every one that is perfect shall be as His Master.”

St. Luke vi. 40.

I.

I CLIMB'D a poor and narrow stair
 The Prince's Christening Day—
 I sought a cottage bed ; for there
 A travail'd woman lay !

II.

With covering thin and scanty vest,
 Her babe was on her arm ;
 It was the strong love in her breast,
 That kept that infant warm.

III.

I came, a country minister—
 A servant of the LORD—
 To bless that mother's child for her
 With water and the Word !

IV.

The dim light struggling o'er the room
Scarce reach'd the lowly bed ;
And thus 'mid woe, and want, and gloom,
The Sacrament was shed !

V.

Then said I,—for the woman smiled
As she took back her son :
Be glad ! for lo, that little child
Is 'mong God's children, one !

VI.

Henceforth it hath a name on high,
Where blessed Angels shine ;
Nay, one will leave his native sky
To watch this babe of thine !

VII.

Be glad ! this very day they meet
In a far loftier scene,
With blessing and with vow to greet
The offspring of a Queen.

VIII.

Bright faces beam in banner'd halls
Around the noble boy ;
And Princes teach the echoing walls
The glory of their joy !

IX.

Yet will the self-same words be said
 Our lips have utter'd now ;
 And water such as here we shed,
 Must bless that princely brow.

X.

One Cross the twain shall seal and sign,
 An equal grace be pour'd ;
 One Faith, one Church, one Heaven, will join
 The Labourer and his Lord !

XI.

“Thanks be to God !” in language mild,
 The humble woman said,
 “Who sends such kindness to my child,
 Here in its mother’s bed !”

XII.

“And bless our Queen with health and grace,
 Hers is a happy reign :
 O ! one smile of her baby’s face
 Pays her for all her pain !”

“A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow because her hour is come ; but when the child is born, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.”—S. JOHN xvii.

On a Child's Grave in Morwenstow
Churchyard.

I.

THOSE whom GOD loves die young !
They see no evil days,
No falsehood taints their tongue,
No wickedness their ways.

II.

Baptized—and so made sure
To win their safe abode—
What could we pray for more ?
They die—and are with GOD !

The Silent Tower of Bottreau

BY THE SEVERN SEA.

I.

TINTADGEL bells ring o'er the tide !
 The boy leans on his vessel's side,
 He hears that sound, and dreams of Home
 Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.

“ Come to thy God in time ! ”
 Thus saith their pealing chime ;
 “ Youth, manhood, old age past,
 “ Come to thy God at last ! ”

II.

But why are Bottreau's echoes still ?
 Her tower stands proudly on the hill :—
 Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
 The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.

“ Come to thy God in time ! ”
 Should be her answering chime ;
 “ Come to thy God at last ! ”
 Should echo on the blast.

III.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea,
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stor'd,
The merry Bottreau-bells on board :—
 “Come to thy God in time !”
 Rung out Tintadgel chime ;
 “ Youth, manhood, old age past,
 Come to thy God at last !”

IV.

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful swells ;
“ Thank God ! ” with reverent brow, he cried,
“ We make the shore with evening's tide.”
 “ Come to thy God in time ! ”
 It was his marriage chime ;
 “ Youth, manhood, old age past ! ”
 His bell must ring at last.

V.

“ Thank God ! thou whining knave, on land,
But thank, at sea, the steersman's hand,—
The captain's voice above the gale,—
Thank the good ship and ready sail ! ”
 “ Come to thy God in time ! ”
 Sad grew the boding chime ;
 “ Come to thy God at last ! ”
 Boom'd heavy on the blast.

VI.

Uprose that sea, as if it heard
The Mighty MASTER's signal-word !
What thrills the captain's whitening lip ?
The death-groans of his sinking ship !
 " Come to thy God in time ! "
 Swung deep the funeral-chime ;
 " Grace, mercy, kindness past,
 Come to thy God at last ! "

VII.

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep,
That fearful judgment of the deep !
 " Come to thy God in time ! "
 He read his native chime ;
 " Youth, manhood, old age past ! "
 His bell would ring at last.

VIII.

Still, when the storm of Bottreau's waves
Is waking in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.
 " Come to thy God in time ! "
 Thus saith the ocean-chime ;
 " Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
 Come to thy God at last ! "

Ephphatha.

I.

HIGH Matins now in bower and hall !
 It is the Baptist's Festival :
 What showers of gold the sunbeams rain,
 Through the tall window's purple pane ;
 What rich hues on the pavement lie,
 A molten rainbow from the sky !

II.

But light and shadow loveliest fall
 Yonder, along the southward wall,
 Where ceased, e'en now, the chanted hymn
 Of that gray man, whose eyes are dim :
 'Twas an old legend, quaintly sung,
 Caught from some far, barbaric tongue.

III.

He asks,—and bread of wheat they bring ;
 He thirsts for water from the spring,
 Which flow'd of old, and still flows on,
 With name and memory of Saint John :
 So fares the pilgrim in that hall,
 E'en on the Baptist's Festival !

IV.

“ How sad a sight is blind old age ! ”
Thus said the lady’s youthful page ;
“ He eats,—but sees not on that bread,
What glorious radiance there is shed ;
He drinks from out that chalice fair,
Nor marks the sunlight glancing there ! ”

V.

“ Watch ! gentle Ronald, watch and pray !
And hear once more an old man’s lay :—
I cannot see the morning pour’d,
Ruddy and rich, on this gay board ;
I may not trace the noon-day light,
Wherewith my bread and bowl are bright :

VI.

“ But thou, whose words are sooth, hast said,
That brightness falls on this fair bread ;
Thou sayest—and thy tones are true—
This cup is tinged with Heaven’s own hue :
I trust thy voice ; I know from thee,
That which I cannot hear nor see !

VII.

“ Watch ! gentle Ronald, watch and pray !
It is the Baptist’s Holy Day !
Go, where in old Morwenna’s shrine,
They break the Bread and bless the Wine ;
There, meekly bend thy trusting knee,
And touch—what sight can never see !

VIII.

“ Thou wilt behold ;—thy lips may share
All that the cup and paten bear ;
But Life unseen moves o’er that Bread,
A glory on that Wine is shed,
A light comes down to breathe and be,—
Though hid, like summer suns, from me.

IX.

“ Watch ! gentle Ronald, watch and pray !
Day oft is night, and night is day ;
The arrowy glance of lady fair
Beholds not things that throng the air ;
The clear bright eye of youthful page
Hath duller ken than blind old age !

X.

'Tis evensong in bower and hall,
On the bold Baptist's Festival ;
The harp is hush'd, and mute the hymn,
The guest is gone, whose eyes are dim,
But evermore to Ronald clung
That mystic measure, quaintly sung !

I have sought, in these verses, to suggest the manner of that
miraculous event, the actual and ethereal Presence of our LORD in
the second Sacrament of His Church.

The Lady's Well.

I.

It flowed, like light from the Voice of God !
Silent, and calm, and fair—
It shone, where the child and the parent trod,
In the soft and evening air.

II.

“ Look at that spring, my father dear !
Where the white blossoms fell ;
Why is it always bright and clear ?
And why the Lady's Well ? ”

III.

“ Once on a time, my own sweet child !
There dwelt across the sea,
A lovely mother, meek and mild,
From blame and blemish free :

IV.

“ And Mary was her blessed name,
If not by men adored,
Its sound deep thoughts of love should claim
From all who love their LORD !

V.

“ A child was hers—a Heavenly Birth !
As pure as pure could be ;
He had no father of the earth,
The SON of GOD was He !

VI.

“ He came down to her from above,
He died upon the Cross :
We never can do for Him, my love !
What He hath done for us.

VII.

“ And so, to make his praise endure,
Because of JESU's fame,
Our fathers call'd things bright and pure
By his fair mother's name !

VIII.

“ She is the Lady of the Well !
Her memory was meant
With lily and with rose to dwell,
By waters innocent ! ”

The Lost Ship.

THE PRESIDENT left New York for England, on the 11th day of
March, 1841, and was never heard of more.

I.

SPEAK ! for thou hast a voice, perpetual sea !
Lift up thy surges with some signal-word,—
Show where the pilgrims of the waters be,
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stirred !

II.

They went down to thy waves with joyous pride,
They trod with stedfast feet thy billowy way ;
The eyes of wond'ring men beheld them glide
Swift in the arrowy distance !—Where are they ?

III.

Didst thou arise upon that giant frame,
Mad, that the strength of man with thee should
strive,
And, proud thy rival element to tame,
Didst swallow them, in conscious depths, alive ?

IV.

Or shorn and powerless hast thou bade them lie,—
Their stately ship a carcase of the foam,—
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,
And fondly dream that they have yet a home?

V.

If thou hast drawn them, mighty tide! declare,
To some far-off, immeasurable plain,
'Mid all things wild and wonderful,—and where
The magnet woos her iron mate in vain!

VI.

Doth hope still soothe their souls, or gladness thrill?
Is peace amid the wanderers of the foam?
Say! is the old affection yearning still,
With all the blessed memories of home?

VII.

Or, is it over? Life, and breath, and thought,
The living feature and the breathing form,—
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,
And the red blood of rank no longer warm?

VIII.

Thou answerest not,—thou stern and haughty sea!
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air:
Roll on, ye tears! O, what shall comfort be
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair?

IX.

Nay, mourner ! there is sunlight o'er the deep,
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud ;
A Voice more mighty than the storms shall sweep
The shore of tempests when the wave is loud !

X.

What though they woke the whirlwinds of the West,
Or roused the tempest from some Eastern lair,
Or clave the cloud with thunder in its breast,
LORD of the awful waters ! Thou wert there !

XI.

ALL-MERCIFUL ! The day, the doom, were Thine !
Thou didst surround them on the seething sea ;
Thy Love too deep, Thy Mercy too divine
To quench them in an hour unmeet for Thee !

XII.

If winds were mighty, Thou wert in the gale !
If their feet fail'd them, in Thy midst they trod ;
Storms could not urge the bark, or force the sail,
Or rend the quivering helm—away from God !

The Well of Saint John on Morwenstow Glebe.

THEY dream'd not in old Hebron, when the sound
 Went through the city, that the promised son
 Was born to Zachary, and his name was John ;
 They little thought that here, in this far ground
 Beside the Severn Sea, that Hebrew child
 Would be a cherished memory of the wild !
 Here, where the pulses of the ocean, bound
 Whole centuries away, while one meek cell,
 Built by the fathers o'er a lonely well,
 Still breathes the Baptist's sweet remembrance round !
 A spring of silent waters with his name,
 That from the Angel's voice in music came,
 Here in the wilderness so faithful found,
 It freshens to this day the Levite's grassy mound !

The Wolf of Benjamin.

LONG centuries ago,—this very day,
 In a far wilderness of Syrian sand,
 Urging his steed amid an armed band,
 The Wolf of Benjamin was on the prey !
 But lo ! a light, a voice, a thrilling sound :—
 And where was Saul of Tarsus ? Sternly bound,
 A fetter'd thrall, in darkness there he lay !
 Shall he arise and conquer ? can he toil
 Once more in war and yet divide the spoil ?
 For thus dim Jacob traced the wanderer's way.
 Answer, proud Corinth ! stern and stately Rome,
 Soft Ephesus, and thou ! the populous home
 Of many a city, old Galatia, say,—
 Did not the warrior win, and wear, a conqueror's
 array ?

The Festival of Saint Paul, 1843.

The Twin.

Two sunny children wander'd, hand in hand,
 By the blue waves of far Gennesaret,
 For there their Syrian father drew the net
 With multitudes of fishes to the land !
 One was the Twin ! even he whose blessed name
 Hath in ten thousand shrines this day a fame,—
 Thomas the Apostle,—one of the ethereal band !
 But he, his Hebrew brother, who can trace
 His name, the city where he dwelt, his place,
 Or grave ?—We know not, none may understand :
 There were two brethren in the field : the one
 Shall have no memory underneath the sun,—
 The other shines, beacon of many a strand,
 A star upon the brow of night, here in the rocky
 land !

“ One is Not. ”

THERE is a cross in Oxford, built of stone,
 They call it there the Martyrs' Monument ;
 Wise-hearted workmen rear'd it, and they spent
 In that proud toil, labour and gold unknown !
 There have they pictur'd many a visible thought
 And deep device, whereby the fathers wrought
 Doctrines in walls, and gave dumb roofs a tone !
 Yet hearken ! in yon cloister dim and old,
 They show a simple casket fram'd to hold
 An ancient staff.—Ye walls of stern Saint John !
 Watch well that relique of the days gone by,
 Thereon Laud lean'd when he went forth to die.
 Ha ! stout old man, thy fame is still our own,
 Though banish'd be thy memory from the graven
 stone !

The Stem and the Boughs.

HEARKEN ! there is in old Morwenna's shrine,
 A lonely sanctuary of the Saxon days,
 Rear'd by the Severn Sea, for prayer and praise,—
 Amid the carved work of the roof, a vine !
 Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall
 First in the chancel, then along the wall
 Slowly it travels on, a leafy line,
 With here and there a cluster, and anon,
 More and more grapes, until the growth hath gone
 Through arch and aisle. Hearken ! and heed the sign !
 See at the altar-side, the stedfast root,
 Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit :
 So let a meek and faithful heart be thine,
 And gather from that tree, a parable divine !

The Oblation.

I.

A WEB of woven wool, fringed all around,
Ruddy and rich in hue like Syrian wine,

With golden leaves inlaid on that dark ground,
That seem'd just shed from some o'ershadowing vine :
Such was the lady's offering at Morwenna's shrine !

II.

We laid it on the altar, while the Word
Linger'd in echoes o'er the unconscious wall,—

The voice that prophesied our God had heard
The sound of alms, and would remember all :
'Twas the Child JESU'S Day—the Bethlehem Festival !

III.

We *offer'd* it to Him :—scorn not the phrase,
Ye proud and stately magnates of the land ;

Grudge not the poor their pence, nor God His
praise,
Though as our simple fathers stood, we stand,
And render thus our gifts with meek and votive hand !

IV.

We left it in that chancel, deck'd with flowers,
And boughs that blossom'd like old Aaron's Rod ;
For faithful hands had built them leafy bowers,
Along our aisles, such as the Angels trod,
When Moses saw the bush, and Abraham talk'd with
God !

Christmas Day, 1843.

The Poor Man and his Parish Church.

A TRUE TALE.

I.

THE poor have hands, and feet, and eyes,
Flesh, and a feeling mind ;
They breathe the breath of mortal sighs,
They are of human kind !
They weep such tears as others shed,
And now and then they smile,
For sweet to them is that poor bread
They win with honest toil.

II.

The poor men have their wedding-day,
And children climb their knee ;
They have not many friends, for they
Are in such misery.
They sell their youth, their skill, their pains,
For hire, in hill and glen ;
The very blood within their veins,
It flows for other men !

III.

They should have roofs to call their own,
 When they grow old and bent,
 Meek houses built of dark gray stone,
 Worn labour's monument !
 There should they dwell beneath the thatch,
 With threshold calm and free ;
 No stranger's hand should lift the latch
 To mark their poverty.

IV.

Fast by the church those walls should stand ;
 Her aisles in youth they trod,
 They have no home in all the land,
 Like that old House of God !
 There, there the Sacrament was shed,
 That gave them Heavenly Birth,
 And lifted up the poor man's head
 With princes of the earth !

V.

There, in the chancel's voice of praise
 Their simple vows were pour'd ;
 And Angels look'd with equal gaze
 On Lazarus and his lord !
 There too, at last, they calmly sleep,
 Where hallow'd blossoms bloom,
 And eyes as fond and faithful weep,
 As o'er the rich man's tomb.

VI.

They told me of an ancient home,
Beside a churchyard wall ;
Where roses round the porch would roam,
And gentle jasmines fall :—
There, dwelt an old man, worn and blind,
Poor, and of lowliest birth,
He seem'd the last of all his kind,
He had no friend on earth !

VII.

Men saw him, till his eyes grew dim,
At morn and evening tide,
Pass 'mid the graves with tottering limb,
To the gray chancel's side :—
There knelt he down, and meekly pray'd
The prayers his youth had known—
Words, by the old Apostles made,
In tongues of ancient tone !

VIII.

At matin-time, at evening hour,
He bent with reverent knee,
The dial carved upon the tower,
Was not more true than he :
This lasted till the blindness fell
In shadows round his bed,
And on those walls he lov'd so well
He look'd—and they were fled.

IX.

Then would he watch and fondly turn,
 If feet of men were there,
 To tell them how his soul would yearn
 For the old place of prayer :—
 And some would lead him on, to stand,
 While fast their tears would fall,
 Until he felt, beneath his hand,
 The long-accustomed wall.

X.

Then joy in those dim eyes would melt,
 Faith found the former tone—
 His heart, within his bosom, felt
 The touch of every stone !
 He died—he slept beneath the dew
 In his own grassy mound
 The corpse, within the coffin, knew
 That calm, that holy ground !

XI.

I know not why—but when they tell
 Of houses fair and wide,
 Where troops of poor men go to dwell
 In chambers side by side—
 I dream of that old cottage door
 With garlands overgrown,
 And wish the children of the poor,
 Had flowers to call their own !

XII.

And when they vaunt, that in those walls
They have their worship-day,
Where the stern signal coldly calls
The prison'd poor to pray ;—
I think upon that ancient home
Beside the churchyard wall,
Where roses round the porch would roam,
And gentle jasmines fall !

XIII.

I see the old man of my lay,
His grey head bow'd and bare,
He kneels by one dear wall to pray,
The sunlight in his hair !
Well ! they may strive as wise men will,
To work with wit and gold,
I think my own dear Cornwall still
Was happier of old !

XIV.

O ! for the poor man's church again !
With one roof over all,
Where the true hearts of Cornish men
Might beat beside the wall !
The altars, where in holier days
Our fathers were forgiven,
Who went with meek and faithful ways
Through the old aisles to heaven.

The Cell by the Sea.

I.

How wildly sweet by Hartland Tower,
The thrilling voice of prayer !
A seraph from his cloudy bower
Might lean, to listen there.

II.

For time, and place, and storied days,
To that gray fane have given
Hues, that might win an angel's gaze
'Mid scenery of heaven !

III.

Above—the ocean-breezes sweep
With footsteps firm and free ;
Around—the mountains guard the deep ;
Beneath—the wide, wide sea ;

IV.

Enter ! the arching roofs expand
Like vessels on the shore,
Inverted—when the fisher-band
Might tread their planks no more ;—

V.

But rear'd on high in that stern form,
Lest faithless hearts forget
The men that braved the ancient storm,
And held the early net.

VI.

The tracery of a quaint old time
Still weaves the chancel-screen,
And tombs, with many a broken rhyme,
Suit well this simple scene.

VII.

A Saxon font, with baptism bright,
The womb of mystic birth ;
An altar, where in angel's sight,
Their Lord descends to earth !

VIII.

Here glides the Spirit of the Psalm !
Here breathes the soul of prayer !
The awful church—so hush'd—so calm—
Ah ! surely God is there !

IX.

And lives no legend on the wall ?
No theme of former men ;
A shape, to rise at fancy's call,
And sink, in graves, again !

X.

Yes ! there, through yonder portal-stone,
With whisper'd words they tell,
How once, the monk, with name unknown
Prepar'd that silent cell !

XI.

He came with griefs that shunn'd the light,
With vows long breathed in vain ;
Those arches heard at dead of night
The lash, the shriek, the pain :—

XII.

The prayer, that rose and fell in tears,
The sob, the bursting sigh,
Till woke, with agony of years,
The exceeding bitter cry !

XIII.

This lasted long—as life will wear,
Even though in anguish nurs'd—
Few think what human hearts can bear,
Before their sinews burst.—

XIV.

It lasted long, but not for aye !
The hour of freedom came !
In that dim niche the stranger lay,
A cold and silent frame.

XV.

What sorrows shook the strong man's soul,
What guilt was rankling there,
We know not—time may not unrol
The page of his despair.

XVI.

He sleeps in yonder nameless ground
A Cross hath marked the stone,—
Pray ye, his soul in death hath found
The peace to life unknown !

XVII.

And if ye mourn that man of tears,
Take heed lest ye too fall ;
A day may mar the rest, that years
Shall seek, but not recal !

XVIII.

Nor think that deserts soothe despair,
Or shame in cells is screen'd ;
For thought the demon will be there,
And memory the fiend !

XIX.

Then waft, ye winds, this tale of fear ;
Breathe it in hall and bower,
Till reckless hearts grow hush'd to hear
The Monk of Hartland Tower !

The Grile's Text.

JEREMIAH XXII. II.

I.

WEEP ye not for the dead ! they sleep
In hallow'd slumbers, calm and deep,—
Their bed, the scenery of their birth,
The dust around them, Hebrew earth !

II.

They cease—and yet bemoan them not !
Their tombs are in the blessed spot,
Where hearth, and home, and altar stand,
With Aaron's shrine and Judah's land !

III.

But weep ye sore for us ! we go
Where rivers of the stranger flow
And Gentile winds must bear along,
The LORD's—the God of Jacob's song !

IV.

We travel to the graves unknown—
To die, in cities not our own ;
False feet our sepulchres will tread,
A breathing nation of the dead.

V.

Bel's loathsome land ! and Nebo's sky—
Our flesh will shudder where we lie—
Bone to his bone will cleave and creep
From the vile earth around their sleep.

VI.

But they, the dead by Jordan's stream,
They hear those waters where they dream,
The floods that fall by Abraham's cave,
And Rachel's tomb and Isaac's grave !

VII.

Then mourn ye not for them, their sleep
Is pure and blessed : calm and deep :
But grieve, yea ! grieve for us, we go,
Where rivers of the stranger flow !

VIII.

No more ! no more ! O, never more
The hills, the trees, the ocean-shore :
Ah ! Salem, Gilead, Lebanon,
The LORD, the LORD your GOD, is gone !

Morwennae Statio, hodie, Morwenstow.

I.

MY Saxon shrine ! the only ground,
 Wherein this weary heart hath rest,
 What years the birds of God have found
 Along thy walls, their sacred nest !
 The storm—the blast—the tempest shock—
 Have beat upon those walls in vain ;
 She stands—a daughter of the rock—
 The Changeless God's eternal fane !

II.

Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,
 The wise of heart in wood and stone,
 Who rear'd, with stern and trusting hands,
 These dark gray towers of days unknown !
 They filled these aisles with many a thought,
 They bade each nook some truth recal,
 The pillar'd arch its legend brought,
 A doctrine came with roof and wall.

III.

Huge, mighty, massive, hard, and strong,
Were the choice stones they lifted then ;
The vision of their hope was long,
They knew their God, those faithful men.
They pitched no tent for change or death,
No home to last man's shadowy day ;
There ! there ! the everlasting breath
Would breathe whole centuries away !

IV.

See now ! along that pillar'd aisle,
The graven arches, firm and fair,—
They bend their shoulders to the toil,
And lift the hollow roof in air !
A sign ! beneath the ship we stand,—
The inverted vessel's arching side ;
Forsaken—when the fisher-band
Went forth to sweep a mightier tide !

V.

Pace we the ground ! our footsteps tread
A cross, the builder's holiest form,
That awful couch, where once was shed
The blood with man's forgiveness warm !
And here, just where his mighty breast
Throbb'd the last agony away
They bade the voice of worship rest
And white-robed Levites pause and pray.

VI.

Mark ! the rich rose of Sharon's bowers
Curves, in the paten's mystic mould—
The lily, lady of the flowers,
Her shape must yonder chalice hold :
Types of the Mother and the Son,
The Twain in this dim chancel stand ;
The badge of Norman banners, one,
And one a crest of English land ! *

VII.

How all things glow with life and thought,
Where'er our faithful fathers trod !
The very ground with speech is fraught,
The air is eloquent of God :
In vain would doubt or mockery hide
The buried echos of the past,
A voice of strength—a voice of pride—
Here dwells amid the storm and blast !

*~The Rose and the Lily, adopted as types of our Lord and His Mother, from Canticles ii. 1, were used as Church-emblems centuries before they were emblazoned in secularheraldry by the Normans and English.

VIII.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell,
The solemn arches breathe in stone,
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown !
Yea ! flood, and breeze, and battle-shock,
Shall beat upon this church in vain ;
She stands—a daughter of the rock—
The Changeless God's eternal fane !

The Ringers of Lancell's Tower.

They rang at the Accession of George III., and they all lived to ring again on the fiftieth anniversary of his reign.

I.

THEY meet once more ! that ancient band,
 With furrow'd cheek and failing hand,
 One peal to-day they fain would ring,
 The jubilee of England's king !

II.

They meet once more ! but where are now
 The sinewy arm, the laughing brow,
 The strength that hailed, in happier times,
 King George the Third, with lusty chimes !

III.

Yet proudly gaze on that lone tower !
 No goodlier sight hath hall or bower,—
 Meekly they strive—and closing day
 Gilds with soft light their locks of gray !

IV.

Hark ! proudly hark ! with that true tone
They welcomed him to land and throne ;
So e'er they die they fain would ring
The jubilee of England's king !

V.

Hearts of Old Cornwall, fare ye well !
Fast fade such scenes from field and dell ;
How wilt thou lack, my own dear land !
Those trusty arms, that faithful band !

Some of these old men lived to ring at the Accession of George IV.
and one at that of William IV.

The Signals of Levi.

The Rabbins say that the daily oblation was not to begin until the Signal of Levi was heard ; and the time was thus to be known : —a Levite was placed on the Temple roof, and when the day had so far dawned that he could see Hebron (a city on the heights where John the Baptizer was afterwards born), then he blew with his trumpet, and the Sacrifice began.

SIGNAL THE FIRST.

I.

THERE is light on Hebron now :
 Hark to the trumpet-din !
 Day dawns on Hebron's brow,
 Let the sacrifice begin !

II.

Hear ye the gathering sound !
 How the lute and harp rejoice,
 Mid the roar of oxen bound,
 And the lamb's beseeching voice !

III.

This day both the prince and priest
Will hold at Salem's shrine,
A high and a haughty feast,
Of flesh and the ruddy wine.

IV.

For a perilous hour is fled,
And the fear is vain at last,—
Though foretold by sages dead,
And sworn by the Prophets past.

V.

They said that a mortal Birth
Even now would a name unfold,
That should rule the wide, wide earth,
And quench the thrones of old !

VI.

But no sound, nor voice, nor word,
The tale of travail brings ;
Not an infant cry is heard
In the palaces of kings !

VII.

Blossom and branch are bare
On Jesse's stately stem,—
So they bid swart Edom* wear
Fallen Israel's diadem !

* The Herods were of Idumæan race.

VIII.

How they throng the cloister'd ground
Mid Judah's shame and sin ;
Hark to the trumpet-sound,
Let the Sacrifice begin !

SIGNAL THE SECOND.

I.

There is light on Hebron's towers !
Day dawns o'er Jordan's stream,
And it floats where Bethlehem's bowers
Of the blessed morning, dream !

II.

Yet it wakes no kingly halls,
It cleaves no purpled room,
The soft calm radiance falls
On a cavern's vaulted gloom.

III.

But there, where the oxen rest,
When the weary day is done,
How that Maiden-Mother's breast
Thrills with her awful Son !

IV.

A cave where the fatlings roam—
By the ruddy heifer trod—
Yea ! the mountain's rifted home
Is the birth-place of a God !

V.

This is He ! the mystic birth
By the sign and voice foretold :
He shall rule the wide, wide earth,
And quench the thrones of old !

VI.

The Child of Judah's line—
The Son of Abraham's fame !
Arise, ye lands ! and shine,
With the Bless'd Jesu's Name !

VII.

This is the promised dawn ;
So fades the night of sin,—
Lo ! the gloom of death is gone,
Let the Sacrifice begin !

SIGNAL THE THIRD.

I.

Ho ! watchman ! what of the night ?
Tell, Christian soldier, tell,—
Are Hebron's towers in sight ?
Hast thou watch'd and warded well ?

II.

Yea, we have paced the wall,
Till the day-star's glimmering birth ;
And we breathed our trumpet-call,
When the sunlight walked the earth.

III.

What sawest thou with the dawn ?
Say, Christian warder, say ;
When the mists of night were gone,
And the hills grew soft with day ?

IV.

We beheld the morning swell,
Bright, o'er the eastern sea,
Till the rushing sunbeams fell
Where the westward waters be !

V.

City and bulwark lay,
Rich with the orient blaze,
And rocks, at the touch of day,
Gave out a sound of praise !

VI.

No hill remain'd in cloud,
There lurk'd no darkling glen ;
And the Voice of God was loud,
Upon every tongue of men !

VII.

There shall never more be night
With this Eternal Sun !
There be Hebrons many in sight,
And the Sacrifice is done !

The Grief of the Cornish Mother.

I.

THEY say 'tis a sin to sorrow—
That what GOD doth is best,
But 'tis only a month, to-morrow,
I buried it from my breast !

II.

I know it should be a pleasure
Your child to GOD to send ;
But mine was a precious treasure
To me and to my poor friend !

III.

I thought it would call me mother,
The very first words it said ;
O ! I never can love another,
Like the blessed babe that's dead !

IV.

Well ! GOD is its own dear Father,
It was carried to church and bless'd,
And our SAVIOUR'S Arms will gather
Such children to their rest !

V.

I shall make my best endeavour
That my sins may be forgiven ;
I will serve God more than ever,
To meet my child in heaven !

VI.

I will check this foolish sorrow,
For what God doth is best ;
But O ! 'tis a month, to-morrow,
I buried it from my breast !

The Sisters of Glen-Neot.

I.

IT is from Neot's sainted steep
The foamy waters flash and leap ;
It is where shrinking wild-flowers grow,
They lave the nymph that dwells below !

II.

BUT wherefore in this far-off dell,
The reliques of a human cell ?
Where the sad stream and lonely wind
Bring man no tidings of their kind !

III.

Long years ago ! the old man said,
'Twas told him by his grandsire dead,
One day two ancient sisters came
None there could tell their race or name.

IV.

Their speech was not in Cornish phrase,
Their garb had marks of loftier days,
Slight food they took from hands of men,
They wither'd slowly in that glen.

V.

One died ! the other's shrunken eye
Gush'd, till the fount of tears was dry ;
A wild and wasting thought had she,—
“ I shall have none to weep for me ! ”

VI.

They found her silent at the last,
Bent in the shape wherein she pass'd,—
Where her lone seat long used to stand,
Her head upon her shrivell'd hand !

VII.

Did fancy give this legend birth ?
The grandame's tale for winter-hearth,—
Or some dead bard, by Neot's stream,
People these banks with such a dream ?

VIII.

We know not ! but it suits the scene,
To think such wild things here have been ;
What spot more meet could grief or sin
Choose at the last to wither in ?

E

See photo "Sisters of Glen-Neot"

The Wreck.

I.

ADIEU ! Adieu ! my own dear shore,
 The isles where angry spirits dwell ;
 De Rosa views thy coast no more :
 Ye winds ! is this his last farewell ?

II.

Adieu ! tall Chili's mountains bold,
 Parana's sands, and rich Peru ;
 To deep Potosi's mines of gold,
 To Empelada's shores, adieu !

III.

The setting sun sinks fast and deep
 Beneath thy hot and waveless seas ;—
 "O ! for full sails this calm to sweep,
 The petrel's wing to cleave the breeze !"

IV.

Hush ! mariner, that heedless word,
The clouds,—the winds—that voice obey :
Lo ! at thy wish the fatal bird
Skims o'er the wave at break of day !

V.

Unseen the forms that fill the sky
To watch the seaman's erring hour ;
Thy sin hath brought the Avenger nigh,
The Spirit of the Storm hath power !

VI.

"Nine awful days, nine hopeless nights
Have seen us toss'd from strand to strand,
Pilot ! are these Morena's heights ?
Pilot ! is this my native land ?"

VII.

De Rosa, no ! not these thine hills,
Nor that Morena's mountains blue ;
No groves of cork, no shining rills,
Nor vine, nor olive meet thy view.

VIII.

Thou see'st dark Cornwall's rifted shore,
Old Arthur's stern and rugged keep ;
There, where proud billows dash and roar,
His haughty turret guards the deep.

IX.

And mark yon bird of sable wing,
Talons and beak all red with blood ;
The spirit of the long-lost king
Pass'd in that shape from Camlan's flood !

X.

And still when loudliest howls the storm,
And darkliest lowers his native sky,
The king's fierce soul is in that form,
The warrior's spirit threatens nigh !

XI.

"Pilot ! they say when tempests rave,
Dark Cornwall's sons will haunt the main,
Watch the wild wreck, but not to save :
O, for Parana's sands again !"

XII.

Is it the mermaid, dim and pale,
That glides within yon cloister'd cave?
Hark! 'tis her wild and broken wail,
Above the shipwreck'd seaman's grave!

XIII.

Away! away! before the wind!
Fury and wrath are on the blast;
Tintagel's keep, far, far behind,
Tremoutha's bay is won and pass'd.

XIV.

Away! away! what shall avail,
In the fierce hands of such a sea?
She bends—she quivers to the gale,—
And Bude's dark rocks are on the lee.

XV.

Her race is run :—deep in that sand
She yields her to the conquering wave,—
And Cornwall's sons—they line the strand,—
Rush they to plunder? no! to save!

XVI.

High honour to his heart and name,
Who stood that day with sheltering form,—
To give these shores a gentler fame,
To soothe the anguish of the storm !

XVII.

Thenceforth when voice and bowl went round,
De Rosa's pledge was true and loud,—
"To every man on Cornish ground !"—
And every Cornish heart was proud.

XVIII.

And still when breathes the seaman's vow,
This thought will mingle with his fear,—
Would that we saw one absent brow !
Would that the I'ans voice were here !

There is a silver goblet in my possession, inscribed with the following legend :—" This cup is presented to Wrey I'ans, Esquire, by Robert and Edward Were Fox of Wadebridge, on behalf of the Proprietors of the cargo of the Saint Anna Saint Joseph, Captain Antony de Fonseca Rosa, wrecked at Bude, the 7th of August, 1790, for his care in saving the same, and particular attention to the unfortunate crew." The said Wrey I'ans, Esq., is Mrs. Hawker's father.

The Storm.

I.

WAR ! 'mid the ocean and the land !
 The battle-field Morwenna's strand,
 Where rock and ridge the bulwark keep,
 The giant warders of the deep !

II.

They come ! and shall they not prevail,
 The seething surge, the gathering gale ?
 They fling their wild flag to the breeze,
 The banner of a thousand seas !

III.

They come, they mount, they charge—in vain,—
 Thus far—incalculable main !
 No more ! thine hosts have not o'erthrown
 The lichen on the barrier-stone.

IV.

Have the rocks faith ? that thus they stand
 Unmoved—a grim and stately band,
 And look like warriors tried and brave,
 Stern, silent, reckless o'er the wave ?

V.

Have the proud billows thought and life
To feel the glory of the strife ?
And trust, one day, in battle bold,
To win the foeman's haughty hold ?

VI.

Mark, where they writhe with pride and shame,
Fierce valour, and the zeal of fame ;
Hear how their din of madness raves,
The baffled army of the waves !

VII.

Thy way, O GOD ! is in the sea !
Thy paths where awful waters be ;
Thy Spirit thrills the conscious stone,
O LORD ! Thy footsteps are not known !

The Child Jesus.

A CORNISH CAROL.

I.

WELCOME that star in Judah's sky !
 That voice o'er Bethlehem's palmy glen !
 The lamp far Sages hailed on high,
 The tones that thrill'd the Shepherd-men.
 Glory to God in loftiest Heaven !
 Thus Angels smote the echoing chord—
 Glad tidings unto man forgiven !
 Peace from the Presence of the LORD !

II.

The shepherds sought that Birth divine .
 The wise-men traced their guided way ;
 There ! by strange light and mystic sign,
 The God they came to worship lay !
 A human babe in beauty smiled,
 Where lowing oxen round him trod :—
 A maiden clasp'd her awful child—
 Pure offspring of the Breath of God !

III.

Those voices from on high are mute :

The star the wise men saw is dim ;—

But Hope still guides the wanderer's foot,

And Faith renews the Angel-hymn !

Glory to God in loftiest heaven !

Touch with glad hand the ancient chord,

Good tidings unto man forgiven !

Peace ! from the Presence of the LORD !

The Song of the School.

SUNG AT SAINT MARK'S, MORWENSTOW.

I.

SING to the LORD the children's hymn !
 His gentle love declare,
 Who bends amid the Cherubim,
 To hear the children's prayer !

II.

He at a mother's breast was fed ;
 Though God's own Son was He ;—
 He learn'd the first small words He said
 At a meek mother's knee.

III.

He held us to His mighty breast,
 The children of the earth ;
 He lifted up His hands and bless'd
 The babes of human birth.

IV.

So shall He be to us our God—
 Our gracious SAVIOUR too,
 The scenes we tread, His footsteps trod,
 The paths of youth, He knew !

V.

Lo ! from the stars His face will turn
On us, with glances mild,
The Angels of His presence yearn
To bless the little child.

VI.

Keep us, O JESU LORD, for Thee !
That so by Thy dear grace
We, children of the font, may see
Our heavenly Father's face !

VII.

Sing to the LORD the children's hymn
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the Seraphim,
To hear the children's prayer !

A Cornish Death-Song.

I.

SING ! from the chamber to the grave !
 Thus did the dead man say,—
 A sound of melody I crave
 Upon my burial-day !

II.

Bring forth some tuneful instrument,
 And let your voices rise ;
 My spirit listen'd as it went
 To music of the skies !

III.

Sing sweetly while you travel on,
 And keep the funeral slow ;—
 The Angels sing where I am gone,
 And you should sing below !

IV.

Sing from the threshold to the porch,
 Until you hear the bell ;
 And sing you loudly in the church
 The Psalms I love so well.

V.

Then bear me gently to my grave ;
And as you pass along,
Remember 'twas my wish to have
A pleasant funeral song !

VI.

So earth to earth—and dust to dust—
And though my bones decay,
My soul shall sing among the just,
Until the Judgment day !

These verses are carved in stone as the Epitaph on a young man of Morwenstow, named Richard Cann, whose soul was carried by the Angels into Paradise, on the 15th of February, 1842.

A Baptismal Ballad,

FOR A COTTAGE WALL.

I.

A CHILD sate by the meadow gate,
 A tender girl and young—
 With many a tear her eyes were wet,
 And thus she sate and sung :

II.

Ah ! woe is me ! for I have no grace,
 Nor goodness as I ought :
 I never shall go to the happy place,
 And 'tis all my parents' fault.

III.

To this bad world they brought me in,
 A place where all must grieve,
 With flesh of misery and sin,
 From Adam and from Eve :—

IV.

And then they shunn'd the churchyard path
 Where holy Angels haunt ;
 They would not bear their child of wrath
 To yonder blessed font !

V.

They kept me from that Second Birth
Which-GOD to Baptism gave ;
And now I have no hope on earth,—
Nor peace beyond the grave !

VI.

Yet a thought is in my mind to-day—
It came I know not how—
I will go to the font at church, and say
I seek my Baptism now !

VII.

Yes GOD is kind ! I shall then have grace
And goodness as I ought,
For, O ! if I lose the happy place,
'Twill be my poor parents' fault !

VIII.

'Twas a child of meek and gentle kind
A tender girl and young,
And Angels put into her mind,
The solemn words she sung !

Pompeii.

THE OXFORD PRIZE POEM FOR 1827.

How fair the scene ! the sunny smiles of day
Flash o'er the wave in glad Sorrento's bay ;
Far, far along, mid Sarno's glancing stream,
The fruits and flowers of golden summer beam,
And cheer, with brightening hues, the lonely gloom,
That shrouds yon silent City of the Tomb !
Yes, sad Pompeii ! Time's deep shadows fall
On every ruin'd arch and broken wall !
But nature smiles as in thy happiest hour,
And decks thy lowly rest with many a flower.
Around, above, in blended beauty shine
The graceful poplar and the clasping vine ;
Still the young violet,* in her chalice blue,
Bears to the lip of Morn her votive dew ;
Still the green laurel springs to life the while,
Beneath her own Apollo's golden smile ;
And o'er thy fallen beauties beams on high
The Glory of the Heaven's—Italia's sky !

How fair the scene ! even now to Fancy's gaze
Return the shadowy forms of other days :

* The violets of this district are proverbial for their abundance and beauty.

Those halls, of old with mirth and music rife,
 Those echoing streets that teem'd with joyous life,
 The stately towers that look'd along the plain,
 And the light barks that swept yon silvery main.
 And see ! they meet beneath the chesnut shades,
 Pompeii's joyous sons and graceful maids,
 Weave the light dance—the rosy chaplet twine,
 Or snatch the cluster from the weary vine ;
 Not think that Death can haunt so fair a scene,
 The Heaven's deep blue, the Earth's unsullied green.

Devoted City ! could not aught avail
 When the dark omen* told thy fearful tale ?
 The giant phantom dimly seen to glide,
 And the loud voice† that shook the mountain side,
 With warning tones that bade thy children roam,
 To seek in happier climes a calmer home ?
 In vain ! they will not break the fatal rest
 That woos them to the mountain's treacherous breast :
 Fond memory blends with every mossy stone
 Some early joy, some tale of pleasure flown ;

* Dio Cassius, lxi., relates, that, previously to the destruction of the city, figures of gigantic size were seen hovering in the air, and that a voice like the sound of a trumpet was often heard. Probably the imagination of the inhabitants invested with human figure the vapours that preceded the eruption.

† Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentes
 Ingens ; et simulacra modis pallentia miris
 Visa sub obscurum noctis.

VIRG. Georg. i. 476.

And they must die where those around will weep,
And sleep for ever where their fathers sleep.
Yes! they must die: behold! yon gathering gloom
Brings on the fearful silence of the tomb;
Along Campania's sky yon murky cloud
Spreads its dark form—a City's funeral shroud.

How brightly rose Pompeii's latest day! *
The sun, unclouded, held his golden way,—
Vineyards, in Autumn's purple glories drest,
Slept in soft beauty on the mountain's breast;
The gale that wanton'd round his crested brow,
Shook living fragrance from the blossom'd bough;
And many a laughing mead and silvery stream
Drank the deep lustre of the noon-day beam:
Then echoing Music rang, and Mirth grew loud
In the glad voices of the festal crowd;
The opening Theatre's† wide gates invite,
The choral dance is there, the solemn rite—
There breathes th' immortal Muse her spell around,
And swelling thousands flood the fated ground.

* Pompeii was destroyed on the twenty-third of August, A. D. 79. See Plinii Epist. l. vi. 16. 20; Dio Cassius, lxvi. It remained undiscovered during fifteen centuries.

† Eustace, and other modern writers, have thought it improbable that the inhabitants of Pompeii could have assembled to enjoy the amusement of the theatre after the shocks of the earthquake and other symptoms of danger which preceded the eruption; but as their theatrical representations partook of the nature of religious solemnities, there does not seem sufficient reason to disregard the positive assertion of Dio Cassius to the contrary.

See ! where arise before th' enraptur'd throng,
The fabled scenes, the shadowy forms of Song !
Gods, that with Heroes leave their starry bowers,
Their fragrant hair entwin'd with radiant flowers,
Haunt the dim grove, beside the fountain dwell—
Strike the deep lyre, or sound the wreathed shell—
With forms of heavenly mould ; but hearts that glow
With human passion, melt with human woe !
Breathless they gaze, while white-rob'd priests advance,
And graceful virgins lead the sacred dance ;
They listen, mute, while mingling tones prolong
The lofty accent, and the pealing song,
Echo th' unbending Titan's haughty groan,
Or in the Colchian's woes forget their own !*
Why feels each throbbing heart that shuddering chill
The Music falters, and the Dance is still—
“ Is it pale Twilight stealing o'er the plain ?
Or starless Eve, that holds unwonted reign ?”
Hark to the thrilling answer ! who shall tell
When thick and fast th' unsparing tempest fell,
And stern Vesuvius pour'd along the vale
His molten cataracts, and his burning hail :—
Oh ! who shall paint, in that o'erwhelming hour,
Death's varying forms, and Horror's withering power ?

* Ivory tickets of admission were found in the vicinity of one of the theatres, inscribed on one side with the name of a play of *Æschylus*, and on the other with a representation of the theatre itself. One or two of these are preserved in the Studio at Naples.

Earthquake! wild Earthquake! rends that heaving plain,
Cleaves the firm rock, and swells the beetling main :
Here, yawns the ready grave, and raging, leap
Earth's secret fountains from their troubled sleep ;
There, from the quivering mountain bursts on high
The pillar'd flame, that wars along the sky !
On, on they press, and maddening seek in vain
Some soothing refuge from the fiery rain ;—
Their home ? it can but yield a living tomb,
Round the lov'd hearth is brooding deepest gloom ;
Yon sea ? its angry surges scorching rave,
And Death fires gleam upon the ruddy wave :
Oh ! for one breath of that reviving gale,
That swept at dewy morn along the vale !
For one sad glance of their beloved sky,
To soothe, though vain, their parting agony !
Yon mother bows in vain her shuddering form,
Her babe to shield from that relentless storm :
Cold are those limbs her clasping arms constrain,
Even the soft shelter of her breast is vain !
Gaze on that form ! 'tis Beauty's softest maid,
The rose's rival in her native shade ;—
For her had Pleasure rear'd her fairest bowers,
And Song and Dance had sped the laughing hours :
See ! o'er her brow the kindling ashes glow,
And the red shower o'erwhelms her breast of snow ;
She seeks that lov'd one—never false till then ;—
She calls on him—who answers not again :

Loose o'er her bosom flames her golden hair,
And every thrilling accent breathes despair !
Even the stern priest, who saw with raptur'd view,
The deathless forms of Heaven's ethereal blue,
Who drank, with glowing ear, the mystic tone,
That cloth'd his lips with wonders not their own,
Beheld th' immortal marble frown in vain,
And fires triumphant grasp the sacred fane,
Forsook at last the unavailing shrine,
And curs'd his faithless gods—no more divine !

Morn came in beauty still—and shone as fair,
Though cold the hearts that hail'd its radiance there,
And Evening, crown'd with many a starry gem,
Sent down her softest smile—though not for them !
Where gleam'd afar Pompeii's graceful towers,
Where hill and vale were cloth'd with vintage-bowers,
O'er a dark waste the smouldering ashes spread,
A pall above the dying and the dead.

Still the dim City slept in safest shade,
Though the wild waves another Queen obey'd,
And sad Italia, on her angry shore,
Beheld the North its ruthless myriads pour ;
And Nature scatter'd all her treasures round,
And grac'd with fairest hues the blighted ground.
There oft, at glowing noon, the village maid
Sought the deep shelter of the vineyard shade ;
Beheld the olive bud—the wild-flower wave,
Nor knew her step was on a People's grave !

But see ! once more beneath the smiles of day,
The dreary mist of ages melts away !
Again Pompeii, 'mid the brightening gloom,
Comes forth in beauty from her lonely tomb.
Lovely in ruin—graceful in decay,
The silent City rears her walls of grey :
The clasping ivy hangs her faithful shade,
As if to hide the wreck that time hath made ;
The shatter'd column on the lonely ground,
Is glittering still, with fresh acanthus crown'd ;
And where her Parian rival moulders near,
The drooping lily pours her softest tear !
How sadly sweet with pensive step to roam
Amid the ruin'd wall, the tottering dome !
The path just worn by human feet is here ;
Their echoes almost reach the listening ear :
The Marble hall with rich Mosaic drest ;
The portal wide that woos the lingering guest :
Altars, with fresh and living chaplets crown'd,
From those wild flowers that spring fantastic round,
Th' unfinish'd painting, and the pallet nigh,
Whose added hues must fairer charms supply :
These mingle here, until th' unconscious feet
Roam on, intent some gathering crowd to meet ;
And cheated Fancy, in her dreary mood,
Will half forget that it is solitude !

Yes, all is solitude ! fear not to tread
Through gates unwatch'd the City of the Dead,

Explore with pausing step th' unpeopled path,
View the proud hall—survey the stately bath,
Where swelling roofs their noblest shelter raise ;
Enter ! no voice shall check th' intruder's gaze !
See ! the dread legion's peaceful home is here,
The signs of martial life are scatter'd near.
Yon helm, unclasp'd to ease some Warrior's brow,
The sword his weary arm resign'd but now,
Th' unfinish'd sentence trac'd along the wall,
Broke by the hoarse Centurion's starting call :
Hark ! did their sounding tramp re-echo round ?
Or breath'd the hollow gale that fancied sound ?
Behold ! where 'mid yon fane, so long divine,
Sad Isis mourns her desolated shrine !
Will none the mellow reed's soft music breathe ?
Or twine from yonder flowers the victim's wreath ?
None to yon altar lead with suppliant strain
The milk-white* monarch of the herd again ?
All, all is mute ! save sadly answering nigh
The night-bird's shriek, the shrill cicala's cry.
Yet may you trace along the furrow'd street,
The chariot's track—the print of frequent feet ;
The gate unclos'd, as if by recent hand ;
The hearth, where yet the guardian Lares stand ;

* Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus

Victima.

VIRG. Georg. ii. 146.

Still on the wall the words* of welcome shine,
 And ready vases† proffer joyous wine :
 But where the hum of men ? the sounds of life ?
 The Temple's pageant, and the Forum's strife ?
 The forms and voices, such as should belong
 To that bright clime, the land of Love and Song ?
 How sadly echoing to the stranger's tread,
 These walls respond, like voices from the dead !
 And sadder traces—darker scenes are there,
 Tales of the Tomb, and records of Despair ;
 In Death's chill grasp unconscious arms enfold
 The fatal burthen of their cherish'd gold ; ‡
 Here, wasted relics, as in mockery, dwell
 Beside some treasure lov'd in life too well ;
 There, faithful hearts have moulder'd side by side,
 And hands are clasp'd that Death could not divide !
 None, none shall tell that hour of fearful strife,
 When Death must share the consciousness of Life ;
 When sullen Famine, slow Despair consume
 The living tenants of the massive tomb ;
 Long could they hear above th' incumbent plain,
 The music of the breeze awake again,

* On many of the walls the word *Salve* is carved over the door.

† The amphoræ which contained wine still remain, and the marble slabs are marked with cups and glasses. *Eustace.*

‡ At the door of the court of one of the houses skeletons were found, one with a key, another with a purse. *Ibid.*

The wave's deep echo on the distant shore,
And murmuring streams, that they should see no
more!

Away ! dread scene ! and o'er the harrowing view
Let Night's dim shadows fling their darkest hue !

But there, if still beneath some nameless stone,
By waving weeds and ivy-wreaths o'ergrown,
Lurk the grey spoils of Poet or of Sage,
Tully's deep lore, or Livy's pictur'd page ;
If sweet Menander, where his relics fade,
Mourn the dark refuge of Oblivion's shade ;
Oh ! may their treasures burst the darkling mine !
Glow in the living voice, the breathing line !
Their vestal fire our midnight lamp illumine,
And kindle Learning's torch from sad Pompeii's tomb !



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